

**J**OIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore;  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless Thy name:  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered His blood and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside:  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 To my dear Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws:  
Behold my soul at freedom set!  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

5 My Advocate appears  
For my defence on high;  
The Father bows His ears  
And lays His sentence by:  
Not all that hell or sin can say  
Shall turn His heart and love away.

6 My Saviour and my Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King!  
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing:  
Thine is the power: behold I sit  
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*